

## Moo Moo Meadows

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## Moo Moo Meadows

by Anonymous

### Summary

George is a cow hybrid living on Dream's dairy farm. He's his favorite moo boy. Dream likes to remind him about it.

# The Milking

## Chapter Notes

if you didnt read the tags thats on you i don't know what you expected tbh

first cow hybrid fic in the dnf tag let's go???? i will feed all my starving folks  
(and then i find out i'm the only person starving here ok i feed myself)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The roosters crowed at the crack of dawn. George stretched his arms out above his head, stirring in his little bed of hay. His tail flicked out from underneath him as he reached out under his woolly, off-shoulder sweater to scratch his back. It was still a little dark, with just enough light to let him see the rest of the barn. They'd all gotten their separate pens this time, unlike the previous farms he stayed at. *Moo Moo Meadows* was a little smaller, only housing a couple of cow hybrids at a time. George found that he much preferred it like this, where their beloved farmers can see to them personally.

As if on cue, the barn doors opened and George's floppy ears immediately perked up in excitement. Dream walked in with a pail in one hand and a glass bottle in another. He steadily made his way towards George's enclosure, closing the gate behind him.

"How's my favorite moo boy doing today?" Dream asked him with a sweet smile.

"Dream," George replied dopily, making the other man chuckle.

Dream pulled a wooden crate closer to him before letting George sit on top of it, sliding his sweater down to expose his growing, leaking chest. He took one teat into his hand, weighing it slightly. "You're almost due for milking, aren't you, George?"

George moaned a little at the contact, pressing his thighs together. "I think so," he replied. "You milk me every day, though."

"That's because you're my favorite," Dream cooed, squeezing his breast gently. George let out a quiet whimper. "I'd let you get full but then I won't get to have *this* every morning."

His lips latched onto George's nipple, round and pink and firm on his tongue, and started suckling gently. George mooed loudly before covering his mouth with one hand. Even after all those times, he was still surprised whenever Dream decided to drink directly from him, still so *loud*. He liked it when they were this close, where he could see the faint freckles dusting Dream's cheeks.

"George," Dream hummed, fondling the unattended teat. Milk dribbled down onto his sweater, leaving trails down his belly. George's breath hitched as Dream continued lavishing attention onto his chest, his tongue hot and wet against his nipple, his fingers firm but gentle as they continued to grope and massage circles onto his skin.

"B-Bottle?" George managed to say through a litany of *moos* and *Dreams*, pointing at the object left lying onto the hay.

Dream pulled away with a wet *smack*, smiling apologetically. "I got impatient, baby, I'm sorry."

George watched as milk trailed down from the corner of the man's mouth, blushing brightly. The sight of the pail suddenly reminded him of something, and he perked up in realization.

"Karl says you should go milk him soon," he said softly. "He's been due since yesterday."

"Later," Dream replied, wiping his mouth before planting a kiss on his lips, their noses bumping clumsily into each other. "There's something else you have to do, remember?"

George's eyes lit up and he hopped off the crate in excitement and pulled his sweater up over his head. Dream sat in his place, his fly undone, his cock out and hard in his hand. George sank down onto his knees and positioned himself in between Dream's legs, wrapping his tits around his cock. Dream moaned as George moved himself up and down, mooing quietly to himself. His fingers tangled themselves into George's hair, stroking near the base of his little horns.

George briefly wondered what being bred was like as slick started oozing out of his hole. He'd tried asking Dream about it before, when he'd heard an older pair mating in the barn one day. He was only told not to worry, and George was happy to obey.

"Down," Dream whispered, bringing George's mouth onto his cock. The cow hybrid moaned a little, a bit of milk squirting down his teats. He lathered it onto the shaft and sucked gently on the head.

"Dream," George said softly, squeezing his breasts closer around the cock.

"That's it George," Dream breathed. "You're doing so good." He rubbed gently at a spot behind George's ear. George let out a quiet, choked *moo*. He caught Dream's eyes for a moment, glazed and hooded over. "Fuck, *George*—" Dream came in his mouth with a tense grunt.

George closed his eyes with a smile as the warm, salty fluid coated his tongue. He craved his cream as much as Dream craved his milk. He swallowed down as much as he could muster before Dream spurted once more, this time all over his tits.

"Dream!" he huffed, pouting slightly. "I could've swallowed that."

Dream chuckled quietly and reached out to spread his cum around George's chest. "I think you look lovelier like this."

George blinked up at him. "I do?"

Dream pulled him up to kiss him again. "Mhmm." His hands fondled George's breasts, squeezing and palming him roughly. "My prettiest moo boy. All mine."

"Ahh—" George blushed prettily. The heat spread down to his chest. "Okay."

"Cute." Dream grinned. He reached into the pail, brought out a clean rag, and set out to clean George's chest, making sure to sneak in little squeezes every now and then. George whimpered when the rag passed over his sore, tender nipples, mooing and whining cutely at the contact.

"Dream," George mumbled. He sat down onto the other's lap and nuzzled under his chin, uncaring if he got hay all over his jeans.

"My George," Dream replied fondly, kissing the top of his head.

"Will you be the one to mate me?" he asked, big brown eyes sparkling. "I've never seen you kiss the other cows before. So maybe...?"

Dream's hand stilled on his chest. "Whatever you wish, George," he replied after a beat. "I'd be happy to."

"Okay." George smiled, sticking out his tongue and leaning in closer to his favorite person.

Dream fetched George's sweater from the ground, a difficult task with the man still sitting on his lap, and dusted it off. He fitted it over George's head and down his tits, keeping him nice and warm and snug again.

"I'll have to milk Karl today, like you said." Dream patted George's cheek softly. "Then I'll come back for you once I get back from town, okay?"

"Okay." George's ears drooped slightly, but he was used to it. It didn't mean that he wouldn't miss him, though. But here, in Dream's arms, he can pretend it's just the two of them in the world. He closed his eyes and smiled.

## Chapter End Notes

@ whoever put that photo of george on my feed... i'm blaming you

let me know if you want to see more fics from this universe ahaha \*fuckboy emoji\*  
they're not the only people in Moo Moo Meadows  
they're also not the only farm in the area uwu

# The Breeding

## Chapter Summary

Dream breeds his favorite moo boy.

## Chapter Notes

read the tags or perish by my hand  
wtf i thought ao3 deleted my draft im going to

thank you to everyone who left a comment last time! ♥ this one is for y'all  
i bring more moo boys and hints of stuff  
but more importantly, more cow hybrid george

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

In the afternoons, after lunch, Dream would usually let them roam free around the farm. George quite liked running around and talking to the other cow hybrids, though there was a small, nagging feeling inside his head that they didn't like him very much.

"It's about time," Karl sighed, patting down his shirt. "It was getting too heavy for me."

"I reminded Dream this morning," George chimed in. He had even watched them do it from his pen. Karl was sitting on a crate while Dream squeezed on his tits, filling up a large, tin mug before dumping it in a bucket. They were making idle conversation too, but Dream didn't ask him to suck on his dick afterwards.

*What a pity*, George first thought, before he realized that he would be the only one to do so, and felt an inkling of pride in his chest.

"Yeah, thanks, George." Karl said with a crooked smile. "Anyway, Fundy, what were you saying?"

"One of the bulls is asking to mate with me," Fundy huffed. "No thank you. I like my mobility."

"I heard he's a handsome one, too," Karl said. "Eret might finally melt your icy heart, Fundy."

"Har dee har har," said the other, rolling his eyes. "Look, if anyone here should be mated, it would be you."

Karl turned a little red. "None of the bulls have caught my eye."

"That's because you've been thinking of that volunteer handler from the next farm over!"

"Oh, *shut it, you!* " Karl shoved Fundy playfully. "George here would be well-matched with one of the newer bulls. They're both the smallest among us, aren't they?"

George heard his name, and his head perked up. "What?"

"Oh, *him*," Fundy sighed. "He does nothing but trail after their handler all day. Wouldn't even take a look at the other cows."

"Poor Bad's been trying to set him up with some of us." Karl shook his head. "You should do him a favor and mate with Skeppy, George."

George's brows furrowed. "But I don't want to mate with him," he said. "I've already promised myself to Dream."

"Look at him, in love with a farmer too," Fundy scoffed, shaking his head. "You've got a better chance with Skeppy than you do with him."

George frowned, and excused himself from the group. He made his way over to the fence where he could see the road coming in, waiting patiently for his Dream. He could see Bad picking berries while Skeppy hovered around him. The bull would probably be a nice partner, he thought, but he could never love him the same way he did Dream. And Skeppy wouldn't love him the way he did Bad.

He perked up at the sound of the pickup truck coming through the gate. Bad stood up and stretched his arms above his head. "Oh, he's back!"

*He's back*, George thought excitedly, rushing over to the farmhouse to meet him. And meet him indeed, he did. Dream nearly fell over as George launched himself into his arms.

"Hey sweetheart," Dream said, resting his hand onto the small of George's back.

"Hi," George replied, pressing his face onto the other's chest. "I want to ask you something."

"Shoot."

"When are you going to breed me?" George asked with a little pout.

Dream's eyebrows flew up into his hair. "W-What brought the question, Georgie?"

George frowned and pulled back, pulling at the sleeves of his sweater. "The others were telling me about one of the bulls. But I've already made plans with *you*..."

Dream cupped his cheek tenderly. "Are you sure? You know what can happen, don't you?" He rubbed gently behind George's ears. "I think we should sit down to have this talk."

"I'll get to come inside?" George asked excitedly. No cow had ever been allowed in the farmhouse. How exciting!

"Mhmm," Dream replied. "Take a crate from the back, won't you darling?"

"Unf," George wheezed, carrying one of the carrot crates. "It's heavy."

"Wilbur's had a good harvest this week," Dream laughed. "Here, bring these instead." He handed George a stack of egg cartons, and took his crate for him. He kicked off his shoes at the door, and George followed his actions. He placed the eggs on the dining table just as Dream had stashed his crate near the counter.

"Careful with those," Dream said. "Sapnap will kill me if I ask him for more again."

George's head perked up. "Was he the one who came here last week?"

Dream nodded.

A mischievous grin spread on George's face. "I think Karl really likes him."

"Oh really now?" Dream mused, raising an eyebrow. "I'll keep that in mind." He takes George's hands in his. "There's something we have to talk about first, remember?"

George's eyes sparkled. "Being my mate."

"Yes." Dream flushed, and told him to take a seat at the table. "Do you know why cows are encouraged to mate?" His fingers brushed against the swell of George's chest. He shuddered. "It's because you make more milk when you're pregnant."

George's breath hitched. "So you mean I...?"

Dream nodded. "There's a chance I could knock you up." His eyes lingered on George's midsection. "But it isn't as likely as a bull's. I'm just letting you know that it could happen."

George bit his lip and paused for a moment. "I-If I do," he spoke slowly, "you'll stay with me, won't you? You'll stay with me and my babies?"

"Of course," Dream said, taken aback. "You... You don't have to keep them, George. Few rarely do."

"I know," George murmured softly. "But I want to because... they're *yours*."

"My Georgie." Dream took his hands into his own and gave them a warm kiss. "How are you so perfect?"

George turned pink, tilting his head slightly to the side. "I'm not..."

"You are," Dream chuckled, reaching out to cup his cheek affectionately. "Will you be ready today?"

"Today?" George echoed, his eyes widening. "We can do it *now*?"

"Anytime you want, sweetheart." Dream smiled.

George grinned, placing Dream's hands onto his chest. "Now! Take me now!" he said, a little awed. "Breed me, Dream." The other squeezed his tits slightly, and he let out a little moan.

"Always so sensitive, weren't you, Georgie?" Dream said in a low voice, giving him another tentative squeeze. "I'm not gonna last long with you. Come with me."

Dream's hands disappeared from his breasts, and George followed after him in trembling excitement. They made their way back to the barn, past the main enclosures, and into one of the larger pens in the back. There was not a lot of light back there, but George could see a large quilt draped over some hay bales, as well as a tin bucket similar to the pails that Dream always brought in each day. It smelled sharply like salt and cream.

"C'mere," Dream said, beckoning him over towards the hay. George sat on his lap as they started kissing, the other's tongue easily slipping inside his mouth with no warning. George groaned, wrapping his arms around Dream's neck as he squeezed his waist.

"Nnngh," George sighed. "Dream..."

"You taste so good baby," Dream cooed. His hand moved down to squeeze George's ass, fingertips pressing against his clothed hole. "You excited?"

George nodded immediately, his eyes dark and lidded with lust. "Uh-huh!"

"Good," Dream whispered, tugging George's sweater over his head. His large breasts bounced out from their confines, nipples erect and already leaking. George half-expected him to put one in his mouth, but Dream did no such thing. "Stand up for me, George. I want your clothes off."

And take off his clothes he did, leaving his bare ass out in the open. For a split-second, he feared that the other cows would see him like that, or worse, Dream would laugh and abandon him in his nakedness.

Instead, Dream led him over to the wooden fence, telling George to spread his legs. He cuffed the hybrid's feet to an iron bar, firmly keeping them apart. George blushed when Dream asked him to bend over and hold onto the fence, leaving his poor hole exposed even further. George saw him move the milk pail underneath his tits, and an idea of what was about to happen suddenly occurred to him.

"We'll keep the bar for now," Dream said softly. "I want your legs spread properly when I fuck you. We can get rid of it when you're more used to me, okay?"

The promise of a next time sent slick oozing down George's hole. His tail flicked in the air impatiently, his big, brown eyes pleading at Dream to touch him. The man only smiled, hands squeezing George's shoulders before moving down his sides, tracing his curves until he got to his ass. He ran a finger over his slick hole, smearing it around his entrance. With his other hand, Dream took hold of George's cock, thumbing over the head.

George let out a strangled moo, bucking his hips towards Dream. He couldn't close his legs together no matter how hard he tried, and Dream only continued his gentle touches, pressing firmly every now and then.

"H-Hurry," he whimpered, gripping onto the fence.

Dream said nothing as he pushed two fingers inside George's hole, making the hybrid cry out in surprise. He'd been leaking so much that the digits slid in and out of him with ease, making sloppy, foreign sounds with each thrust.

"You're so wet," Dream mused, and George let out a pitiful moo. He added another finger and George gasped, his mind going blank. They thrust in and out of him before suddenly curling, and spreading him open.

"Dream... Dream..." George whined, resting his head onto the fence. "H-How much more?"

"Patience, sweetheart." Dream unbuckled his belt and let his trousers drop to the ground, stroking his cock slowly and deliberately. "I'm going to put this in your ass this time, alright?"

"In me, in me, put it in me, please," George babbled, shaking his rump excitedly. The idea of it sounded *much* better than just putting it in his mouth.

"Eager little thing, aren't you?" Dream said with an exhale, gripping George's ass before thrusting inside of him in one smooth motion. George cried out in pain, his knees threatening to buckle underneath him.

"S-Stop, you're—you're hurting me!" he sobbed, his knuckles white as he gripped onto the fence

even harder. He shouldn't have rushed Dream into mating with him, he thought, now he'll surely leave him in the dust.

"I'm hurting you?" Dream asked softly, stilling behind him. He bent down to press a gentle kiss onto George's back, right between his shoulder blades. George's breath hitched and his lip trembled as he got himself accustomed to the feel of Dream's dick shoved inside his heat. Dream shushed him gently, rubbing patterns into his hips and mouthing at his skin.

"Dream," George keened, just as the other's palms cupped his tits in their warmth. "Feels good..."

Dream hummed, pressing his chest flush against George's back. He thumbed over the hybrid's pink, swollen nipples, smearing the milk droplets around. "Shhh," he whispered, squeezing George's teats firmly but gently, letting him squirt milk into the bucket. "That's it. That's a good cow, Georgie."

With a thick, hard cock stuffed in his ass and a force tugging down onto his tits, George found himself feeling full in the most delicious of ways. He moaned and whined and whimpered as Dream continued to milk him, digging into his back and whispering praises in his floppy ears. A forceful, sudden grope sent him gushing even more, and he clenched hard around Dream.

Dream jerked for a second. George whimpered. "P-Please..."

"Alright," the other replied, drawing back before snapping his hips forward. George let out a lewd moan, Dream's fingers still squeezing and tugging on his nipples.

Dream built up a steady pace, slamming into George's wetness, drinking in his sloppy noises and desperate moos of pleasure. George's body fit perfectly against his, melding and molding against him, warm and pliant in his hands. He squeezed and fondled every bit of flesh he could, groping George's tender breasts as he rammed into him again and again and again until George cried out his name in ecstasy. He tensed and arched his back as he chased after his pleasure, mouth dropping open, drool leaking down his chin. George's heat clenched and twitched and throbbed around Dream needily, wrapping around his cock like a warm embrace. One last tug onto George's sore, sensitive nipples sent him squirting more into the bucket, and at long last, Dream emptied himself in his favorite's ass with an animalistic grunt.

They panted from exhaustion, a slight, sticky sheen of sweat covering their bodies. George looked down at the bucket, almost halfway full with his milk, and let out a content moo. He's always been one of the smaller cows, so being able to produce that much... what an achievement! Dream smiled behind him and kissed his sweaty hair, rubbing behind his ear and stroking his horn with one hand.

"You did so good for your first mating, George," Dream said sweetly. "Took my cock so well. You made so much milk too! My handsome, talented moo boy."

George grinned bashfully. "I'm yours, Dream."

Dream pulled out of him with a wet noise. Cum immediately dribbled out of George's sloppy hole, leaving a sticky trail down his pale thighs. Dream smirked and smacked George's ass with one hand, making him yelp in shock. His ass jiggled from the impact.

"You're so cute," Dream remarked, rubbing the pink handprint gently. "I'm going to enjoy breeding you, sweetheart. Let go of the fence now, there we go."

George hesitantly let go of the fence, stumbling back into Dream's chest. His legs felt like jelly, but the bar was keeping him from falling over entirely.

"Dream," he whined. He felt a pair of arms snaking around his middle, holding him steadily... until Dream fell over on the ground, and sent George crashing after him with a yell.

"You okay?" Dream asked through his laughter.

George leaned back against his chest, tail flicking up to brush against Dream's thigh. "Never better," he replied, giggling. He wiggled his toes. "Can you remove the bar now?"

"Of course."

Dream did as he asked, and George immediately curled up to him, nuzzling his cheek with his own. He let his hand drift down to his stomach, humming thoughtfully. "Do you think I'm pregnant now?" he asked.

"Who knows?" Dream replied, placing a hand over his. Heat rushed to his cheeks at the thought of George carrying *their* child. "We can try again, if you want." He reached out to grab the quilt and draped it over themselves, keeping them both warm and covered. "You did very well today, George."

"I like being your mate," the hybrid mumbled. "You're very nice to me. So gentle."

Dream nosed over the back of George's neck. "I wanted to mark you up so badly," he confessed. "But I had to hold myself back."

George tilted his head. "Why?"

"There's the upcoming county fair, yeah?" Dream's hands brushed over his nipples. George let out a quiet moo. "I want you to represent Moo Moo Meadows in the livestock show, hon. You'll surely win."

"Oh," was all George said, before Dream was once again massaging his flat tummy.

He sagged against his new mate, warm and content with the fresh load in his ass, and fell asleep with dreams of raising a family, just him and his beloved, for all of their days.

## Chapter End Notes

leave kudos and comments please they bring me serotonin  
also did you enjoy the hints of other ships uwu

pspspsps bring me more cownotfound i ask of you  
join the cowse. the moovement. we grow strong like bones in milk.

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